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Greek Fragments

By COURTLAND DARKE BAKER

I

With how great suddenness within my mind
From out antiquity
A naked youth throws the great discus
Into the purple air, and
Crowned with twisted laurel, sinks
Into mists that blur unendingly.

II

Night is a pattering of boys
Racing the wind!
Beyond the citrus trees, over the cedar hills—
Athens!
Speed on—faster—
In your slim youth's glory—
Faster to Athens!

III

(THE THREE FATES OF THE ELGIN MARBLES)

The pathos of dead draperies
Revives memories . . . .
Living, moving in quiet purple folds of wool.
How must the people have wept,
Seeing the sorrows of crushed tears
In your deep eyes.

IV.

(GREECE OF THE FIFTH CENTURY)

The glory of broken things and gods is upon you,
The sadness of things ended—
Waves of scarlet on grey rocks,
Hearts of women,
Marble columns splintered on an iris sky.

Flake

By ALFRED POLGAR

(Translated By Eva Goldbeck)

THE play had five acts, four intermissions therefore. He sat on the aisle, she at his left, and next to her a strange man in festive habit. This gentleman was smooth-shaven, and had something in his being and bearing, a *tune-sais-quoi* in the shape of his chin and the stroke of his lashes, that guaranteed the genuineness of his pearl studs.

Aisle seats are pleasant. They permit not only greater freedom in sitting, but also in going and coming; they heighten self-consciousness, they confer distinction, superiority to the general audience. They are worthy of endeavor, like the end-pieces of tarts and cakes. (But that doesn't pertain to the subject.)

On the way home the couple quarreled. She grew angry and her speech became acid. Points of view collided. In the tower of Babel, which every man-and-woman relation builds, little stone on stone, in the course of the years, an unholy confusion of tongues arose. The arch-enmity of people bound to each other was unmasked. They walked, not four inches apart, side by side . . between them the ocean.

To remove the little tension he said, apparently impelled by irritation, "Your dress is provocative. Everybody looked at you."

"I noticed it,"—(slowly the ocean evaporated)—she replied sharply. But it was no longer the acid of vinegar, but the pleasant pungency of cologne water.

"Impudent, how the fellow next to you stared at you." He asserted that just on a chance, out of a generous impulse. "He fairly fingered you with his eyes."

"Not only with his eyes. Once I bent down to pick up the programme. .he bent down too and tried to stroke my hand . . he was fresh anyhow. I had to sit sideways to avoid his knee."

"Why didn't you tell me that?"

"I didn't want a scene."

Oh, the dear liar! A scene! As if she had needed to fear that. As if she didn't know her friend! Was he the man to take offense at the gallantries of a courteous young man? Was he himself not glad to show every politeness to young ladies? Did he underestimate the erotic fluid of his feminine neighbor? Had he never with caressing and peremptory hand, to speak extemporaneously, appealed to the slut in a lady . . . and should he be indignant because the appeal had now been directed to his lady?

What can one answer to so childish a pretext: fear of a scene? He answered, "You darling!" It is a phrase which in the conversation with one's sweetheart occupies a position like that of the Telemachus jump in skiing. Further gliding is prevented. Abyses lurking about the conversation are once again cheated of their victim.

But at night something occurred to

him. At night, in the transition from waking to sleep, his mind always received its best illuminations. When the connective tissue in the structure of his great epochal novel "Complicated Beings" had long refused to materialize and all daytime thinking had remained futile, then too it had been in a fortunate moment between dream and waking that suddenly, out of a clear sky, the saving inspiration not to write the book at all had come to him.

So at night it occurred to him that he still had to ask, with regard to the officious neighbor, "By the way—why didn't you change places with me if the man annoyed you? There were four intermissions!" He asked that at their next meeting.

She answered, "What reason would I have given for a desire to change places?"

"Why, that you didn't have a good view of the stage from your seat—or anything at all."

Then she uttered the weighty words, "I cannot lie."

This sentence went to his heart. He did not, of course, believe her incapable of lying, but the conception of how it would be if it were so took possession of his soul and filled it to the brim with pity. The idea that she could not lie acted upon him like a vision of terror; as though she lay unconscious on the railroad tracks and an express came rushing on. A deep longing to be of help, to protect, to spread the umbrella of his love over the head of the little, defenceless, victimized woman overcame him. Oh, he could not bear the idea that she could not lie. Creation had, certainly, invented many kind of living beings inadequately equipped for the struggle for existence, but not even its imaginative cruelty had permitted itself a fish that could not swim. "I cannot lie," that sounded as though she had said, "I have no shelter," or, "Oh, not a crust of bread!" Heartrending.

And can she lie? She is as little capable of it as animals and plants. The small strategems of her hind are helpless against the triumphant truth of her blood and her nerves. But stupid men become wild when they apprehend woman in her candor, when they catch her in her veracity.

He was very much moved and gave her tender words. She too softened. "Well, that about the man in the theatre wasn't true at all," she said. "I only made it up to vex you."

"I didn't believe it for a second, either."

"Now you are lying," she said. "What a cunning liar you are! Always a pathological effort not to be the stupid one!"

And yet I always am.

"You are, heaven knows! I don't like to say it to you, but I cannot lie . . ."

She was so light and delicate that he called her "Flake." "If I blow she will fly away," he thought.

And so he always held his breath in her presence.

A New Testament

No. 13

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

I have no desire to fathom the infinite. It is my desire to walk up and down in fields, forests and towns and to knock with bare knuckles on the doorposts of houses. As I sit on a log by a road at the edge of a town the factories and the buildings in which things are bought and sold crumble into a dust so fine that my breath can blow it away.

I live in a place and in a time when pigs are sold on the King's doorstep. What I know you also know. Foul smells arise out of the streets of the cities. The woman who passes me clad in a fur coat has a pair of handcuffs under her sleeves.

In my arrogant pride I have said to myself, "I shall run through life like a little lost dog, I shall put my cold nose against the bodies of people."

I have no end in life beyond that of a bare-legged boy who climbs into a leafy tree. I have, however, a hope that when I have climbed to the topmost branch and have put out my hand it will for a moment graze the wings of a thought.

I am a beggar and will accept any word you may choose to bring me. I am a man gone blind. I am an aged man with a beard who carries a staff and strikes with it on a pavement.

Someone has struck me a hard blow.

The drums of my ears have been destroyed by the scream of a whistle.

. . . . . .

It would be better for me to be a beggar on the doorstep of your house. I should be one who accepts the singing of the wind in the hair of one who has been hanged as the voice of a god. When you arise from your bed in the morning and come to your kitchen door you should find me sitting there with bowed head. I should be able to whisper to you a word out of the departing night.

. . . . . .

When I have grown beyond my love of God I shall grow in my comprehension of you. There shall be a way found by which I may go through a street to the door of God's house. I shall find words to lay on my lips. I shall find words to speak at the door of God's house.

It would be a pleasant experience if, on a frosty November evening, God should invite me and you into His house to dine. I fancy our coming up a path to the door of God's house with my hand gripped in yours. In the house a clock is striking the hour of six. When God opened the door we would go silently in. In silence we would sit in the parlor of His house.

We are in God's house and it is evening. Darkness has come. God has fed us with tender nuts. Our thirst has been quenched with wine that fell from the leaves of a tree in the month of September. We are sitting with God by an open window at the front of His house. Together we are knowing the sweetness of life. In the darkness outside men are passing up and down. Dry leaves rustle under their feet. In deeper darkness at the end of a street a woman is singing a child to sleep.

It was good for us to go into God's house.

In our presence He has remembered what was forgotten.

God's house sits beside an old orchard on a street far out at the edge of a factory town. We have been sitting in silence through a long evening in chairs by a window at the front of his house. We have eaten food at His table. Let us arise and go on our way.

It is better that God be left to His slumbers.

For us it is expedient that while God sleeps we walk up and down.

Looking At My Own Mask

By YONE NOGUCHI

What are you thinking about,
What are you looking at from under your heavy eyelids?
People might call you the mask of death, ...
In truth, it seems, you die many times a day,
Look, you are dead now!
But, when death turns to life, ...
Look and look, your lips will move at any moment!
In your face life and death draw innumerable waves,
As if silence and voice, a warp and woof,
Weave a figured cloth,
By light and shadow.
Why are your cheeks so pale?
But that's nothing strange,
For you wrote poetry of blood for twenty-five years.
But I look at your brow,
And feel as if looking at a volcano ready for bursting out,
Something quite dangerous,——
What a thought and passion struggling there!

Poems

By RICHARD KIRK

Yes, You Must Be One

I must be a beggar or a thief,
Because with infinite pains and cost,
And ardors quite beyond belief,
I covet what they covet most.

My Beds

There was a time when I was laid
Within a bed prepared for me
By one by whom the bed was made;
A time is coming too, I think
When I shall sleep for many a wink
In one no hands of mine prepare,
With other hands to lay me there;
Meanwhile, between the two, self-laid,
I lie on the one that I have made.

Lovers, What Is Death?

Betwixt two kisses, happy is he
To die as any man may be;
And for the one who loses breath
When kissing's over, what is death?
Let maidens, then, be false or true:
Lovers, what is death to you?

The Time

A clock, a mirror, and my little son
Tell me too plainly how the seasons run:
My little son grows tall, my mirror tells
Reflectively its tale, my clock-stroke knells.

Eyelet Embroidery

By RICHARD BOWLAND KIMBALL

NEW YORK under Prohibition. Your grocer sold it, your butcher sold it, your ice man sold it. Boot-leggers peddled it from door to door, solicited your business on engraved stationery.

"We are now prepared to fill orders by telephone".

Boot-leggers specialized in office trade, selling it openly to members of the firm, heads of departments, secretaries, stenographers, office-boys.

A new crop of drinkers had grown up.

Forbes Howland belonged to the old crop—and the new.

He came out of the restaurant, bumping into the policeman standing like a sentinel at the door.

"Have a drink, officer?"

"Not till twelve-one, sir".

Forbes struck down the avenue and then along diagonal streets. He wanted to be alone.

"I'm the Gray Wolf of Lone Gulch and this is my night to HOWL!"

The wheels began to go round.

—A duchess or a cook, in the dark, who could tell the difference? Desire, satisfaction, satiety—what the hell was there to it more than that? . . . Woman is a pork chop to our appetites and we're a pork chop to hers. Of course she *tells* us different, pretends to put a lot of emotion into it—love and all that sort of rot. But this love-stuff is only artificial plumage to make her more desired. Stop making love to a woman and see how long she loves you—and how long you love her. . . . To woman we are bed-fellow, meal-ticket, slave and child. She would put us into diapers if she could, take us into her womb again and feed us through a cord. She surrounds and swallows us and our only weapon is a club. Only we don't use it. We're tender-hearted. We're gentlemen. Such things aren't done. The bruised reed will we not break. So meek woman inherits man's earth, gaining the victory of all subject peoples. . . . The wise woman would let her man have his play-toys, but there aren't any such. . . . Why am I getting drunk? Because I'm married and my wife's my mother and getting drunk is smoking a corn-silk cigarette behind the barn. Why should I be interested in a prostitute? Because she delivers a certain commodity and there's no damned emotion about it—

He was on a runaway, like a rabbit or a deer. Forbes, on the loose, reverted to instinct.

He always started in the Italian restaurant where the family greeted him as a friend — grandmother with the wrinkled face of a Rembrandt, husband and wife, grown daughters like madonnas, children looking at him gravely, cats jumping on his knee. Red wine with dinner and then high-balls to the mild scandal of his good Italian friends.

An old-fashioned saloon next—brass

rail, Irish stew simmering behind the bar, pock-marked bartender.

Next, Mack's ale-house off the Bowery — pictures of prize fighters and naked women, figures drooping over round tables, smell of sawdust and sour beer, round, brown spittoons of leather. Plop! Plop! Plain and fancy spitting.

A kitchen bar-room—boxes for chairs and tables, kerosene, stale mash, youths whispering in a corner, a negro stretched on the floor. Here, drink was dangerous. You broke out in blotches. You went blind. You died. What difference did it make?

"Daddy! Daddy!"

Who was that woman squeezing his hand under the table, rubbing her fingers backwards and forwards along his thigh? Why did she call him Daddy? She was older than he was, almost old enough to be his mother.

Where was he? He must have passed out. . . . He remembered now. He was trying to climb a church steeple and a policeman drove him away.

A drink was before him. He gulped it. A pear-shape-faced young Jewess smiled at him from across the table. Beside her a black and white check suit lifted a glass and said, "Here's how!"

He was among friends in the light, bright room. He looked at the older woman, smiled in his turn, squeezed her hand. There was something wholesome about her. She reminded him of someone he used to know.

"Waiter, more drinks!"

The drinks came. Forbes felt in his pocket. Thank heaven he hadn't been robbed.

"What's your name?"

"Ada."

"Pretty name."

"And you'll help my boy?"

"Everything I can!"

It came back like the church steeple. Ada's boy was in the navy and he had promised to help him although there was nothing he could do. What did he know about the navy?

"What ship is your son on?"

She told him and he made a note of it.

"That's my Daddy!"

"Waiter, more drinks!"

The mahogany-panelled room and the other tables with the people at them began revolving. Himself and Ada became the quiet centre of a whirlpool of faces, walls. The check suit became benign. The thin Jewess shot up like a slender, sacramental flame.

Out of nowhere appeared the face of Brown, his old writing teacher—a ghost, for Brown must have been dead for years. Again Forbes saw the wonderful penmanship birds Brown made for his pupils, birds that had been his own despair. How hard he had tried to make those damned birds! His pen slipped, his hand trembled, he broke the pen-point, he tore the paper, he began to cry. Now he began laughing. What was a penmanship bird?

"More drinks, waiter!"

A spirit of orphic omniscence descended on him as he sat rubbing Ada's thigh. The mystery of things became clear but incommunicable, like the explanation of the Holy Trinity. Somewhere in the room a glass fell to the floor. Forbes knocked his own glass off the table. What made the glass fall? Gravity! Gravity made the glass fall. Gravity made everything fall. Gravity held the universe together. Gravity was everywhere, like God. He fell in love with Gravity.

—Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail, but Gravity never faileth. Whether there be tongues, they shall cease, but Gravity never ceaseth. Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away, but Gravity never vanisheth—

He would erect a temple to the God of Gravity. He would proselyte on street corners.

"O God of Gravity, we thank Thee for Thine infinite, beneficent mercies. Invisible and omnipresent, Thou keepest us in our accustomed way, holding us to Thy earth which Thou holdest together and leadest along its pathway among the stars.

"Oftimes, O God of Gravity, Thou seemest a cruel divinity, as when brick-bats fall and hit Thy children on the head. But, Father, in Thine infinite love and wisdom, Thou art only teaching Thy children to stand from under when the brick-bats fall. Whom Gravity loveth He chaseneth.

"In the beginning was Gravity and Gravity was with God and Gravity was God.

"I am four-score years and ten, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken by Gravity—nor the unrighteous either.

"Great is Gravity and Forbes Howland is His Prophet!"—

He saw himself crucified for the sake of Gravity. The crucifixion took place on Morningside Heights. Beyond the Palisades the sun was setting. In the darkness of night, his devoted disciples —members of the Department of Physics at Columbia—took him down from the cross and laid him away in Grant's tomb.

A loud voice in the front room. Voices ceasing in the rear room. Waiters stopping, trays in hand. Through the swing doors Forbes could see an enormous man behind the bar, acting as bar-tender.

"You *will* take another drink, God damn you!"

Over the bar the man vaulted with the lightness of a prize-fighter. He swung an arm. He jumped with both feet.

"Christ!" screamed a bloody mass of face from the floor.

Forbes was in the outer air, Ada clinging to him. They ran down the avenue.

—Blood! The man had spurted blood like a fountain. There is a fountain filled with blood, rich from Emmanuel's veins. The sacred blood. Fishes' blood is cold. Is it less sacred? He himself a wine-skin filled with blood. Puncture it and he'd spurt like a fountain, breath gasping, heart stopping—blackness. It could happen in a minute—

He was standing swaying from a strap in a street car. Ada was swaying beside him. The passengers were looking at them. Forbes looked at Ada in the light, really noticing her for the first time. Head rolling as he swayed, he took in her whole figure—rusty black dress, broken shoes, on her head a ridiculous bonnet. The passengers were smiling at the sight of himself, Forbes Howland, an obvious gentleman, with a drunken washer-woman clinging to his arm.

—Forbes Howland, gentleman! What was a gentleman?—

He looked at Ada again. She was looking up at him, smiling a sort of proud smile, as a dog might. He felt himself drawing near her in a hostile world.

"Why do you smile?" he heard himself muttering. "Why do you smile?" he repeated louder.

—A damsel in distress! The lean knight was right. Wind-mills *were* dragons. Cervantes knew this. He, Forbes Howland, knew this—

He straightened up. The grinning faces were looking at him. They multiplied, became thousands — grimacing, nodding like Chinese idols, shaking in jerks, rolling their eyes like nigger-eyes. The car became the world.

He began intoning, beating time with head and voice to the swaying of the car.

"I come to call not sinners but the righteous to repentance! . . . This lady has given a son to the service of his country. . . . Tell me, O ribbon-measurers, what have *you* ever done? . . . You have Slick-em on your hair and Odorono under your arm-pits. But where is the fruit of your womb? . . . Ask Mrs. Sanger. Ask the corner druggist.....Great is America and the five and ten cent store is its prophet!—

A blow sending an electric pain through his skull. He was pulled off his feet, dragged as a bag is dragged and dropped on to the asphalt pavement. The car started and he started to run after it, but Ada held him back. On the platform of the car could be seen the blue of a policeman's uniform.

"Take what's coming and say nothing—that's the only way to treat bulls. But ain't it wonderful to have an education?"

Night clerk with a colorless pompadour and a nose that looked broken. Such noses reputed to be syphilitic. In the ladies' parlor, Ada was waiting. They had had drinks somewhere. They had run away from policemen. In each of his hip pockets a bottle bulged.

More business at night in a hotel like this than at any other time, but nobody here now. Nothing but artificial palms and night clerk. Why? An off night, perhaps. Perhaps too many Raines Law hotels for the number of customers. People from out of town wanted vice with a glitter. No glitter about a Raines Law hotel. New Yorkers had friends, so didn't need prostitutes. There was an act of true friendship! Now he understood why there were so few street-walkers. Too many obliging friends. Wonderful and most wonderful! Sex freedom had ushered in the New Jerusalem with everybody making love to everybody else all the time!

Why was he going to stay with Ada? She wasn't attractive. She couldn't make much money that way or any way. Good reasons for staying with her. She was good-hearted and she had a son in the navy. Two more reasons. And she'd be disappointed if he didn't.

He'd have to register. Give a fake name of course. Wonder if real husbands and wives ever came here, that is with their own wives or husbands.

He took the pen the night-clerk handed him. What name would he sign? For such a purpose there was only Smith, Jones or Robinson.

—Smith, Jones and Robinson, how many crimes have been committed in your names—in hotel registers, in police courts, in frontier settlements, in penal colonies beyond the sea! No crime, enormity, outrage, disgusting act that hadn't been committed by a Smith and a Jones and a Robinson. Goats of atonement these, bearing the sins of the

world because they have undistinguished names.

Something should be done about it. Something would be done about it. He, Forbes Howland, would organize a society to rehabilitate the reputations of Smith, Jones and Robinson. He would print a paper proving to the world what decent creatures they really are—

His pen began to move automatically. He looked curiously at the result. What name had he written? He looked again. He hadn't written any name. Looped and curved and curlicued and arabesqued, a gloriously impossible penmanship bird blackly glittered at him from the register.

"Rest, perturbed spirit of Brown! The mills of the schoolmasters grind slow but they grind exceedingly small."

Would such a thing pass for a name? But the night-clerk didn't even look at the register.

No elevator in this hotel. Luxury died in giving birth to artificial palms. Ada was watching from the ladies parlor and around the square well of the stairway the weasened bell-boy led them.

Was he boy or man....youth suffering from infantile senility or infinitely old, a figure of second, third, fourth, fifth childhood? Had he led couples up stairways in Tyre and Nineveh? Had he unlocked doors for lovers before Christ, before Confucius? Was he the First Pandar?

Smell of dead air, damp linen, musty carpet, defective plumbing. On the stair walls, round-bottomed red buckets half filled with dusty water waiting patiently for the hotel to catch on fire.

A slammed door, the jingle of a brass key-tag, and Ada and he were alone together in a starchily lace-curtained bed-room....brass bed with darned counterpane, dingy bird's-eye maple bureau, golden oak table with a green cover on it and a copy of the scriptures presented by the Gideons.

"Ada, we ought to read this bible and refrain. Who ever read a bible in a bed-house? A bible in a bed-house! Sounds like a line from Kubla Khan. Let bibles be read in bed-houses!' Ada, this book is a practical guide to sex. Why has the bible never been suppressed?"

"Give me a drink, Daddy."

He poured the drinks in the thick glasses the bell-boy had brought them and set the flask beside the bible.

"That's my Daddy!"

Ada was tired....far gone in alcohol. She was sitting on the edge of the bed and she began undressing. Forbes settled himself in a chair beside the table and took the bible on his knee. He turned the pages, pretending to read, so that he wouldn't see her undress.

Why did he have such scruples? Ada had been perfectly simple about the matter, without modesty and without immodesty, as a child might be. Was he a moralist after all?

"Daddy! Daddy! That's my Daddy!" kept running through his mind like a refrain, the refrain of the evening. Why did she call him Daddy? She had a son in the navy. In her drunkenness she must have confused him with the father of her child. She had conferred parenthood on him. Here was a fruit of drunkenness! Somewhere on the ocean was a son of his he had never seen and never would see.

What if he had a real son or daugher, looking up at him gravely

like the Italian children in the restaurant, playful as the kittens on his knee? Would he have got drunk? Would he now be here with a poor, amateur prostitute? Ridiculous! Fathers were drunkards, fathers were unfaithful. Unfaithful! Huh! How could a man be unfaithful without emotion, without passion, without physiological desire? If that were infidelity, then there was infidelity in a sneeze.

He looked up. Ada had undressed. She was in bed lying luxuriously on her side. The bed-cloths rose and fell with her regular breathing. She was asleep.

Her black hair was spread out on the pillow. The face had relaxed, losing its wrinkles and its look of care. Her neck and breast seemed almost infantile in the uncoquettish chemise, coarse but clean, ornamented with eyelet embroidery.

Eyelet embroidery! His mother had worn chemises like that! He remembered trying to poke his fingers through the holes. He remembered seeing them flapping on the line. His mother had loved to wash her clothes herself. She would bring in the full basket and bury her face in the clothes, snuffing the clean smell of them. And she would make him snuff it, too.

The last drink had cleared his brain. He wanted no more alcohol. He got up and stood looking down at Ada, affected by the mystery of sleep..sleep, so common and so miraculous, brief alleviation of life as death was life's long cure. Sleep had dignified Ada as sleep had dignified his mother, and as death had dignified her. This was Ada's respite....sleep....and drink and seeing her son between voyages and picking up an honest or dishonest dollar now and then.

He searched his pockets for the few bills that were left in them. These he rolled together and leaning over the bed, placed them in Ada's hand. She stirred slightly in her sleep and her fingers closed over the money as a child's fingers might. Then he turned out the light and left, closing the door behind him very quietly.

Down the square well of the stairway, past the patient fire-buckets, the artificial palms, the immemorial bellboy dozing in the hallway, the syphilitic night-clerk nodding behind the desk.

The chill of the hour before daylight, the smell of the hour before dawn. He straightened, squared his shoulders, stepped briskly, breathed deep. The air suffused him, drawing through his very bones, and the sleeping city seemed to be breathing with him, taking deep inhalations of that healing breath that was drawing in from the rivers, coming in from the sea.

Now, was the city as deserted as the fields....furrows of streets empty, forests of buildings quiet, thicket of the elevated railway resting from strain, untroubled even the roots of the city, at this merciful moment, by the boring subway worm.

A feeling of light came. The street lamps felt it,....dim, diffused, the forth-creeping spirit of dawn. Dawn came to the city as well as to the open spaces, stepping from street to street, running along avenues, leaping into alleys and blind courts.

His door. The city was bathed in diluted blueness....a theatrical light.

Would his key click? Would a board

creak? Would Eleanor wake up and would he see again terror looking at him from her eyes?

He stepped from rug to rug in the darkness, feeling for the furniture with his finger-tips, enveloped by the familiar spirit of the place as by a pool of healing.

Turned low the table lamp burning in their bedroom and....ah!....she was asleep!

The bed-clothes rose and fell with her breathing, barely outlining the slenderness or her body underneath. Her long, coarse, towny hair was tossed upon the pillow. Her face, pale to translucence, was relaxed. Sleep had touched her as Ada had been touched and as his mother was touched away out there in the ridiculous cemetery..last peace and first peace she had ever known.

He dared not undress for fear of waking her. The very movement of the bed might wake her, and he breathed again after he was lying at her side. One of her hands was outside the counterpane. Dare he take it? He touched it, she stirred and his heart came up. But she only sighed contentedly, as a kitten sighs, and remained asleep.

He lay, relaxed in his turn, but with every inner power revolving at a speed that brought the effect of peace. He was floating in a great sea of sleep. Eleanor, Ada, his mother, the whole city....where were their troubles now and where were his troubles? Troubles ceased, hatred ceased, horror ceased as the earth was swept by sleep as by a girdle. In that mysterious realm of sleep, if we could meet each other, might not all our misunderstandings be resolved?

As he held Eleanor's hand, he was holding it in the grass under blue skies years earlier, and all that had happened since to separate them....the cloudy adversaries they had fought not knowing what they fought..were pictures and nothing more.

Milk bottles....first sound awakening the world to its separate life. At the window, colorless daylight. Slammed doors. Footsteps on the sidewalk. Human voices in their morning tones. Rumble of trucks. Roar of motor cars. The room began to tremble from the subway. From far off came the complaint of rails under rattling elevated trains. Across the court the Hungarian prima donna started to practice scales.

Forbes lay motionless, still encompassed by a felicity that seemed timeless. And Eleanor slept on.

Portraits of Three Ladies

By ROBERT PENN WARREN

I

He passed her only once in a crowded street,
A tangent flaring by her petty arc.
She did not hear black spurs clank on his feet
Or under his coat the black emblazoned sark;
For she, of course, knew no mythology
And could not thrill, as others might have done,
To pale and lunar murmurs of the sea
Or gilded savage clarions of the sun.

But often that lean smile his lean lips wore
Brutally gashed the drab peace of her mind;
If once at night she stretched upon the floor
Watching the wet moon glisten on the roofs,
It was not to catch on that strange April wind
The scent of damp fern crushed by satyr hoofs.

II

"Since I can neither move you nor the fate
That parts us here, without recrimination
I beg, my dear, a niche in recollection,
That of your lover unregenerate."
She smiled and left him there to contemplate
His graceful posturings of adoration;
To think; "At least in this one situation
My rhetoric was deft and adequate."

She smiled but found no sudden blade of tears
To cut the strictured cruelty of that smile;
With eyes that were a broken desolation
She faced a shattered night, and all the while
Up to the taciturn and cynic stars
There streamed an immemorial lamentation.

III

Strangely her heart yet clutched a strange twilight,
One that had lured with dream down a cypressed way
To glens where hairy-haunched and savage lay
The night. Could ever she forget that night
And one black pool, her image in the water,
Or how fat lily stalks were stirred and shifted
By terrible things beneath, and how there drifted
Through slimy trunks and fern a goatish laughter.

Sometimes at dusk before her looking glass
She thought how in that pool her limbs gleamed whitely;
She heard her husband watering the grass
Or his neat voice inquiring, "Supper dear?"
Across the table then she faced him nightly
With harried eyes in which he read no fear.

Sonnet

By JAMES FEIBLEMAN

Along the level stretches of neglect,
  A figure moving in a new dimension
  Had heard an utterance with no slight attention
About the good necessity, respect;
But then, half turned toward the right he checked
  The speaker, and by his use of sight extension,
  He saw such numbers of the same dissension
Which he had not the power to deflect

To truth, that he despaired. "Let them", he cried,
  "Do all they want to art in living green
As long as men like Blake are deified.
  Thank evil for the colorless unseen
At hidden curves; it turns them to the side
  Of virtue, to the sight of frequent sheen."

Flame and Mist

A Contrast

By CHARMION VON WEIGAND

PERSIAN painting is the fine flower of eroticism: Chinese painting, the ripe fruit of meditation and philosophic contemplation. Persian painting is like a young man in the prime of life, who knows all the intoxication of the senses, and who has built a walled-in garden away from the world, where he may enjoy the delicious and precious pleasures of the aesthete and lover.

The moonlight on the fragile terraces of Mughal painting evokes no meditation, but stirs the senses to voluptuous fancies. Here Nature is but the decorative background for the enchanting play of love: fair women at their toilet; the king and his court pillowed before a feast or riding to the hunt; the Gods, wandering through the world, enjoying the enamelled verdure of the Spring; or the naive and tender mating of the animals, little soft-eyed gazelles, bright birds, and white cattle in the dusk.

With what appreciation does the Persian miniaturist of the Abbas period draw the sheer outline of a woman's hips, the soft contour of a throat, the delicate oval of a face! With what relish does his Mughal brother curve the breasts of a girl and carve the sensitive nipples like pink corals or let blue-black hair flow down a slender, ivory back like a soft, deep river! And how they both embroider flowers everywhere— sow them like stars on dresses, carpets, and lawns! And with what patience they reproduce jewelry, as if by a goldsmith's artifice: the setting of each ring and bracelet, each bangle and diadem, exactly duplicated, each stone with the lustre and quality of real jewels.

Going from one to another of these gilded and jewelled pages, it seems as if there never could be anything half so lovely in the world again. The pleasure one takes in them is of the small and perfect thing: the artificial but exquisite trifle. They are set apart from Nature, related to her only through the costly and curious things, she produces: precious stones, flowers, exotic birds. gilden and glittering snakes.

The cult of the precious has disappeared from our midst along with the fine art of eroticism. Quantity not quality is the hall-mark of our democratic civilization. We slight the small for the grandiose. We are too crude, too naive to enjoy the pleasures, which require subtlety and nuance. But these manuscripts have the power to bring back the breath of an aristocratic epoch—a period, which knew how to create an artificial but intensely real world, where all the ugly, the deformed, the mysterious, the fearful, even the sublime, was banished. Love and beauty had their ritual—pleasure was an art, characterized by refinement and restraint. A Persian who inhaled the fragrance of a rose; who drained a draught of amber wine from a chaste glass goblet; who embraced the slender waist of

a girl, did each of these as a connoisseur with intelligent and gracious appreciation. His voluptuousness was always delicate, his passion refined though, perhaps, artificial (as all passion which springs from the senses and not from the soul) but his taste was impeccable, and he understood how to avoid the satiety, which abuse and extravagance bring.

But life is deeper than erotic pleasure and it has other stronger roots. The Persian and the Mughal painters—struck a balance—created a windless Paradise this side of death. They banned the ugly, the humourous, and the grotesque, but they also banned the terrible and the sublime: the sea, the mists, the forest, the storm, the autumn and the winter. Spring and eternal summer live with them, but we moderns weary eventually of the brilliant grass, the vermilion flowers, the crystal radiance of glass, the tapestried silk, the satin flesh, and the cloying embraces of playful, sensuous love. We are too rough, too active, too restless, too hungry after the things of the spirit. And so turning to Chinese painting, we find a greater consolation than in the jeweled Paradises of the illuminated manuscripts.

Chinese painting is like an old man, who has outgrown the passions of his youth, the evanescent joys of the flesh, the bustle, the authority, and the ambition of maturity. Its greatest philosophy might well be epitomized in a small brown painting on silk of the Sung dynasty: a wrinkled sage sits on a hill under a pine tree, and looks down on the valley below. Before him, he sees the great drama of Nature: the rise of mists, the driving wind, the soaring of birds, the passing of the seasons, and, as he sits there with the world at his feet, he contemplates the world of Life. And he sees Man not as the chief actor in this drama but as an integral part of Nature and the universe. He sees Nature herself and how each plant and animal and flower and human being are related to each other and how they together make a perfect whole. And he sees how Thought goes through all of it, giving a divine reason to existence.

His blood is cold, his passion passed away. He has become utterly detached from life. He knows neither joy nor sadness, but the wisdom of ripeness and completion. He has learned to understand even the ugly and grotesque and to trace the lineaments of beauty in the commonplace. He sees everything with profoundity, with humour, and always with sanity. Nor need he ban anything from existence, for he sits not in a walled-in garden in the valley, but far above upon a mountain top, and, from there, he sees, that in the ultimate scheme of the universe, the petal of a flower may be of equal value with the army of an emperor and a few pine needles equal in beauty to a lily-footed lady of the court!

Three Poems

By PAUL ELDRIDGE

Ouan Gu Finds That His Great Efforts Were Vain

Having nearly reached the end of the path,
Ouan Gu discovered that the tall mountains
He had crossed
Were but the thick dust
His galloping years had raised,
And he thought with infinite bitterness,—
"Why, then, should I be so weary?"

Fung Ku Tchi Tells How He Is Outwitting Fate, The Silent God

When I was happy,
And had love, abundant,
Like the grasses in Summer,
I sang of the sorrow of life,
And the nothingness of Beauty,
Fearing the jealousy of the Silent God,
That is more bitter than the weeds
Witches cull on moonless nights.

Now that I am wretched,
And my solitude wearies me,
Like a long yellow desert,
I sing of the joy of living,
And the glory of the Silent God,—
Hoping for a bard's reward.

Ku T'Ang Si Asks For An Epitaph

Since nothing exists save words,
When I am dead,
O citizens of the Lower Valley,
Carve upon my tomb-stone:
"One who suffers from Forgetfulness."

Psalms Of The Sea

THE REASON

By EVERETT BOSTON

This is the promise of salt water—
Cracked skin and broken bones and death,
And a hell of a lot of loneliness:
A fog-horn blaring from nowhere, vague in the fog,
Until the black bow slices thru' the gray wall,
Cutting down like a scimitar,
And your boots pull you under.

Or reeking fish
With the scales coming off onto your hands,
Until you wake up screaming, as they do in the Bible,
"Unclean Unclean!"

Or the stuffy, weary forecastle,
And sulky men arguing gloomily about anything at all,
And then saying,
"I guess so! I don't know it!"

Pain, labor, reek,
Mutilation, death,
Sodden discomfort, rheumatism, and monotony.
And maybe a poor market when you do get back.

This is the promise of salt water,
Menacing, careless, savage,
But fascinating us by it's sprawling hideousness,
Until we hate the easy life of the solid land;
Until we swear by many gods,
"I Love Her!"

From The Book of Fools

By JOHN McCLURE

I.

There was a man in Stuttgart, a metaphysician engaged in writing a counterblast against apparitions and witch-doctors, fled from the house in his night-shirt when he heard a noise in the cupboard.

II.

There was a man in Barcelona, very sarcastic about honor and virtue, was killed by a buccaneer whom he challenged because he insulted a barmaid.

III.

There was a man in Hankow became a magistrate and rigorously applied the true principles of Liberty in that city, allowing nobody to infringe on the rights of another. He died early and acquired the distinction of having his coffin pelted with cabbages by the populace.

IV.

There was a man in Perpignan paid a physician two hundred louis in gold to hoodwink him with a silk hankerchief and put his feet in salt-water, as a specific against rheumatism.

V.

There was a man in Antioch become proverbed for an ass by the muleteers because he bragged in pothouses that he was a master of Latin and Greek and an adept at theosophical calculus.

VI.

There was a man in Thebes was murdered in his sleep by a beggar to whom, out of pity for his rags, he had presented a new cloak and a pair of sandals, which ruined his business.

VII.

There was a man in Genoa wasted ten years of his life, waiting in simple piety for death, because a quack doctor told him he had the plague.

VIII.

There was a man in Pondicherry would never ride on a hearse out of a superstitious aversion to the macabre; yet he did so.

IX.

There was a man in Madeira, in order to make his enemy rue his conduct, killed him by strategy from behind and burned his body in a coke-oven.

The Poetry of Gerard Hopkins

By HILDEGARDE FLANNER

UNLESS it be among the well-read of his own faith, the poetry of Gerard Hopkins, English Jesuit, is little known. Nor will it ever be well known. One may prophesy for him a discreet immortality, the admiration of the few who are sensitive to his unusual music, who respond to his compelling rhythms, and are moved by the singular ecstasy of his words. These few will fetch him a delicate crown, will bind his especial laurel.

Father Hopkins died in 1889. Prior to his death he resided at Dublin, whither he had gone as an instructor in Greek and Greek metres at the University College. According to delightful and sympathetic biographical material in the *Dublin Review* of July, 1920, above the signature "Plures," he was a brilliant and fantastic personality, combining the paternal solicitude of a priest for his flock and the penetrating love of the artist for visible form and movement. He was extravagantly alive to shades of sound, angles of light, and the passing of colours in the sky. He took pleasure in the quaint and lovable, the inconsequential and shy oddnesses which, like grass, are common and, like grass, unnoticed. It is recorded that he experienced keen enjoyment when the College watchman said, "I will put on my shoon and let thee out."

Hopkins was not a successful instructor, it seems, but was interested in ghosts, composed music (which he could not play, being unfamiliar with any instrument), and in the classroom sought to stimulate regard for classic metres and to bring Troy nearer to Dublin by having one of the students dragged like mighty Hector by the heels across the floor. We are fortunate in having excerpts from his diaries in the same number of the *Dublin Review*. Most of these notations refer to sights seen in Nature. All are recorded with a rich precision, and some in refined and comely imagery. The slender vessel of language is scarcely able to hold the weight of colour and description needed to report what his eye had met with. Returning one evening from Confession he says:

"....the sky was in a great wide winged or shelved rack of rice-white fire pelleted fretting. At sunset it gathered downwards and as the light then bathed it from below the fire ribbings and long brindled jetties dripping with fiery bronze had the look of being smeared by some blade which had a little flattened and richly mulled what it was drawn across. The bronze changed, of course, to crimson, and the whole upper sky being now plotted with pale-soaked-blue rosetting siezed some of it forward in wisps or plucks of smooth beautiful carnation or of coral or camelia rose colour."

One day he recorded the blowing of wind across his face.

"Very hot, though the wind which was South, dappled very sweetly on

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Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins, now first published. Edited with notes by Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate. London. Humphrey Milford, 1918.

one's face and when I came out I seemed to put it on like a gown, as a man puts on the shadow he walks into.... I mean it rippled and fluttered like light linen, one could feel the folds and braids of it and indeed a floating flag is like wind visible...."

His poems were published posthumously and not until 1918, when they appeared edited with notes by Robert Bridges, to whom gratitude is due for the work of producing this volume.

It is a matter for wonder that so little recognition has been accorded Hopkins by the practitioners and admirers of vers libre. Surely his contribution is as eventful as those of the acknowledged precursors in English of the present and recent manner, and should be included, both for form and content with the poetry of Noguchi, Crane, Henley, Sharp, Hueffer, and of all who rode in those early ranks. There is a Preface to the Poems, and in this we have the author's explanation of his rhythmical method. His ideas possess evident analogies with those modern poets and poet-theorists. Now one is reminded of Yeats, again of the Imagist tenets. Hopkins, as have various of the vers librists, cites Milton's choruses to *Samson Agonistes* as a precedent for liberated rhythms. He refers to the choruses as being in "Counterpoint Rhythm," and adds,

"Of this kind of verse Milton is the great master and the choruses of *Samson Agonistes* are written throughout in it.. but with the disadvantage that he does not let the reader clearly know what the ground rhythm is meant to be and so they have struck most readers as merely irregular. And in fact if you counterpoint throughout, since one only of the counter rhythms is actually heard, the other is really destroyed probably Sprung Rhythm, of which I now speak."

.... and in which Hopkins himself wrote turbulent and melodious poetry.

One notes all this, not for its own value, which makes appeal primarily to the student of prosody, but for its interest in connection with the agitation of recent years, when so much discussion was provoked, so many earnest, and even heated, articles written on the subject of freedom and form in verse-rhythms. It is not necessary to follow in detail Father Hopkins' exegisis of "sprung rhythm" and its processes. Sufficient to observe that sprung rhythm as used by him "is measured by feet of from one to four syllables regularly" and "nominally the feet are mixed and any one may follow any other." He occasionally employs a system of signs to facilitate the reading of a poem....

"accents, where the reader might be in doubt which syllable should have the stress; slurs, that is loops *over* syllables, to tie them together into the time of one; little loops at the end of a line; to shew that the rhyme goes on to the first letter of the next line; what in music are called pauses, to shew that the syllable should be dwelt on; and twirls, (like a horizontal 's') to mark reversed or counterpointed rhythm."

Such a system, it may be observed, allows a goodly liberty. We picture the Father in Dublin, conducting his poems, as it were, baton in hand, here a flourish, there a twirl, and, most diverting of all, his "little loops" to in-

dicate an unfinished rhyme between lines. Further, he observes that "Sprung Rhythm is the most natural of things. For (1) it is the rhythm of common speech and of written prose, when rhythm is perceived in them. (2) It is the rhythm of all but the most monotonously regular music...." two of the cardinal points upon which contemporary poet-theorists have insisted in their practice of verse libre. Can it be that in the arguments of the last ten years no one has summoned this Jesuit from the Ignatian walls, hailed him out to set (even) the signature of the priest to an apologia for modern forms?

But the sacred fact above all, is that in practising his theories he wrote astonishing poetry. We find many passages that are eccentric, but with the eccentricities of an individuality of positive ideas, not merely of neutral fancies. He took liberties, also, with grammar, such as the occasional omission of the relative pronoun, striving for a greater economy of expression. Such economy is likely to be in the end too much like parsimony, a parsimony which can only barter with confusion and purchase no clarity. But even the verses most complicated in manner reflect a sensitive personality, a consciousness aware of the edge of light, and desirous to touch what is beyond. The form of his poetry is subtle. Its irregularity results not in the particular intimate kind of rhythm in which much modern poetry has been written, but resolves into melody and tempest, struggle and delicacy. "The Leaden Echo" contains the repetition, the insistence, the swing and suspension of a most individual perception of movement. As Hopkins himself requested, his poetry should be read aloud.

How to keep—is there any any, is there none
such, nowhere known some, bow or
brooch or braid or brace, lace, latch or
catch or key to keep
Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty, beauty
. . . from vanishing away?
O, is there no frowning of these wrinkles,
ranked wrinkles deep
Down? no waving off of these most mournful messengers, still messengers, sad
and stealing messengers of grey?
No, there's none, there's none, O no there's
none,
Nor can you long be, what you now are,
called fair,
Do what you may do, what, do what you may,
And wisdom is early to despair;
Be beginning; since, no, nothing can be done
To keep at bay
Age and age's evils, hoar hair,
Ruck and wrinkle, drooping, dying, death's
worst, winding sheets tombs and
worms and tumbling to decay;
So be beginning, be beginning to despair.
O there's none; no no no there's none:
Be beginning to despair, to despair,
Despair, despair, despair, despair.

Here is an anticipation, too remarkable to be missed, of the manner of Gertrude Stein—*"be beginning, be beginning . . ."*

It is characteristic of Hopkins to compress a rush of suffering into the limits of utterance with such stern economy, such rigid honesty, that the form itself of his poem shares the emotional stress of the man, and is twisted and bent.

Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not
feast on thee;
Not untwist—slack they may be—these last
strands of man
In me or, most weary, cry *I can no more.*
I can;
Can something, hope, wish day come, not
choose not to be.
But ah, but O thou terrible, why wouldst thou
rude on me
Thy wring-world right foot rock? lay a lionlimb against me? scan
With darksome devouring eyes my bruised
bones? and fan,
O in turns of tempest, me heaped there; me
frantic to avoid thee and flee?

Why? That my chaff might fly; my grain
lie, sheer and clear.

Nay in all that toil, that coil, since (seems) I kissed the rod,
Hand rather, my heart lo! lapped strength, stole joy, would laugh, cheer.
Cheer whom though? the hero whose heaven-handling flung me, foót tród
Me? or me that fought him? O which one? is it each one? That night ,that year
Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God!) my God.

This is difficult to read. There can be no doubt, it was difficult to write. Poetry such as this, that comes up from the hidden blood, from a stung soul and stinging flesh, cannot drip from the pen with ease and brilliance. It resists and struggles beneath the surface of utterance. Only a poet of authentic power could cry, in the midst of this turmoil, "But ah, but O thou terrible . ." In contrast to the tortured but inevitable growth of this poem, there is the casual, natural expansion in "Ash-Boughs," a fragment whose first three lines have the simplicity and directness which Mr. Ford afterward embodied in his recommended principles of poetry—that it should be like conversation with some one one loves very much.

Not of all my eyes see, wandering on the world,
Is anything a milk to the mind so, so sighs deep
Poetry to it, as a tree whose boughs break in the sky.

There are strange and lovely things in this small volume. Without false effort, but with a naive lack of discrimination between the magical and the unenchanted, he evokes one of the most mysterious moons that ever rose.

I awoke in the Midsummer not to call night, in the white and the walk of the morning:
The moon, dwindled and thinned to the fringe of a finger-nail held to the candle,
Or paring of paradisaical fruit, lovely in waning but lustreless,
Stepped from the stool, drew back from the barrow, of dark Maenefa the mountain;
A cusp still clasped him, a fluke yet fanged him, entangled him, not quit utterly.
This was the prized, the desirable sight, unsought, presented so easily,
Parted me leaf and leaf, divided me, eyelid and eyelid of slumber.

The allurement of these words, their arrangement, and their music must tempt even those to whom much of Hopkins would be either inaccessible or irritating. But his perverseness is ingenious, with the erratic grace of an experimenting mind, or again so simple and direct as to seem adventuresome. For, in the last analysis, it is always the shortest path he seeks, although it need not be a swift one. He was blest with true originality, rare in men and gods alike. The strange and varied quality of his gift crowns him apart from other poets, and resulted, it must be admitted, in obscurity as well as in beauty. But the one is past remedying now, and both are accepted and sealed by death, the uncritical.

The lesser peculiarities of his inventive freshness as well as the abiding fluency of his verse are evident in the closing lines of "St. Winifred's Well."

As long as men are mortal and God merciful,
So long to this sweet spot, this leafy leanover,
This Dry Dene, now no longer dry nor dumb, but moist and musical
With the uproll and the downcarol of day and night delivering
Water, which keeps thy name, (for not in rock written,

But in pale water, frail water, wild rash and reeling water,
That will not wear a print, that will not stain a pen,
Thy venerable record, virgin, is recorded.)
Here to this holy well shall pilgrimages be,
And not from purple Wales only nor from elmy England,
But from beyond seas, Erin, France, and Flanders, everywhere,
Pilgrims, still pilgrims, more pilgrims, still more poor pilgrims.
As sure as what is most sure, sure as that spring primroses
Shall new-dapple next year, sure as to-morrow morning,

Amongst come-back-again things, things with
a revival, things with a recovery,
Thy name. . . .

Among his early poems are lyrics of deft eloquence, for he had at the disposal of heaven and the priesthood a vocabulary both limpid and Latin, and a soul of heights and of humility. These are chaste verses in "The Habit of Perfection',' reluctant and precise.

Elected silence, sing to me
And beat upon my whorled ear,
Pipe to me pastures still and be
The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb:
It is the shut, the curfew sent
From there where all surrenders come
Which only makes you eloquent.

Be shelled, eyes, with double dark
And find the uncreated light:
This ruck and reel which you remark
Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.
* * * *
O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
That want the yield of plushy sward,
But you shall walk the golden street
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride
And now the marriage feast begun,
And lily-coloured clothes provide
Your spouse not labored-at nor spun.

Hopkins' reaction to the beauty of his God's visible world is markedly spontaneous and even lusty. "Glory be to God for dappled things—" he exclaims, and again, "Long live the weeds and the wilderness . . ." There is about him nothing didactic or pietistic. He observes first the beauty, then seeks and reveres the cause, but in gratitude and joy, rather than in exhortation alone. Even his most meditative poems are plaintive, with a romantic as well as a spiritual concern for the loveliness that must drift into dust. Let beauty be safe home with God, he prays. The words are those of the shepherd, but the agony to count the sheep safe folded is that of the lover and the artist. There is little likeness to a Gregory. How near and yet how far from Rome he is! His soul's ancestor is rather Augustine, but an Augustine more keenly strung, less voluptuous, and less powerful than the passionate saint of Hippo. Hopkins has written religious poetry of a quality not to be scorned beside Donne, Verlaine, Thompson, and the great medieval mystics. Hearken back to the "Leaden and the Golden Echoes". Turn to "The Grandeur of God," or to the rapture of "Hurrahing in Harvest", where the poet combines a eulogy of Autumn and of the Saviour.

....the azurous hung hills are his world
wielding shoulder
Majestic—as a stallion stalwart, very-
violet-sweet!—
These things, these things were here and but
the beholder
Wanting; which two when they once meet,
The heart rears wings bold and bolder
And hurls for him, O half hurls earth for
him off under his feet.

And again, the opening lines of a poem which ends with knees bent before Christ.

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels
there!
Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the
elves'-eyes!

In these words of childish and divine enjoyment are the quick imagination and shifting music of a man, who, had he been but half a priest, might have written of sainted fairies, Capuchin elves, and dark masses said by small immortals.

It is not likely that Father Hopkins will ever attract to him those whose preference is the lyrical cynicism, the keen satire, the studied irony, and rich imagery of so much of modern poetry. He is difficult, often, even when loveli-

est or strongest. One might say, with justice, that he is exhausting. But if he is read aloud, as he himself desired, the astounding magic floats up, like quiet moss from the bottom of a pool. The tendency may be at first to resist him and to find him only complicated. But abandon yourselves to this melodious Jesuit; linger upon his accents, and observe his pauses; for he has created beauty in lines of unmarred ecstasy and of ecstatic suffering. This makes a high priest of any layman, and a poet of any priest.

The Perfect Liar

By RICHARD KIRK

A kind old man
Sitting alone
Under a tree
Cutting a stone

With words a few
And all of praise
Of one who slept
At the end of his days

And all about him
Stones I scan
Each praising this
Or that dead man

Stone after stone
Above men dead
And only kind
Kind words I read

* * *

I might aspire
To crowns and thrones
To gather the stars
Like pebble-stones

But never could I
While life in me ran
Learn to lie
Like that kind old man.

Reviews

HERE ARE LADIES INDEED

(Ariel, Vie de Shelley, by Andre Maurois, Bernard Grasset, Paris; Ariel. Life of Shelley, by Andre Maurois, translated by Ella D'Arcy, D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

FOUR out of each five people, finding "Ariel" readable, will class it at once with Strachey's "Queen Victoria"; and except that it is readable, it doesn't belong there at all. There is much more of Merejkowsky there than Strachy or Guedalla—but this is beside the point.

What M. Maurois has done is to take the authenticated facts of Shelley's life, buried heretofore in those incredibly fine-print introductions to the collected poems and make of them as vivid, as entertaining a novel as one could find in a day's search. And he has done more than this. With a few broad strokes, he has painted a delicate and unforgetable picture of Shelley, not the immortal singer that we, from the beginning of the next century know, but the individual his contemporaries saw—an irresponsible, lovable, beautiful boy, full of amusing conceits, but not to be taken very seriously.

Here Shelley is that inexplicable, that erratic young man who divided his time between writing fine philosophical pamphlets that nobody read and sailing paper boats on the Thames, the fish ponds of Field Place, Primrose Hill and the Vale of Health, a pool in the heath above Bracknell, the Serpentine River and once, years later, a bowl of quicksilver in Henry Reveley's workshop at Leghorn. He is that tenderhearted and rather simple gentleman from whom Godwin, the Leigh Hunts and his numerous train of female admirers could always obtain money. And he is that restless, capricious person who so amused his friends by settling down in at least fifty places of his brief life—each time "for ever." It is all very lightly and delicately done and the irony is always by implication rather than by predication. Another writer would have said, in so many words, that Shelley was not appreciated during his lifetime (outside that ardent little coterie of ladies that ever surrounded him); that only one of his books ever went so far as the second edition and that fifty pounds would have exceeded all he received his life long for any of them—this the puerile novel, "Zastrozzi". But not so Maurois. His method is subtler. He does not say that Shelley was unsuccessful; he, like the world in that far, early *dix-neuviéme* century, hardly mentions Shelley's books at all after they are written. The distinction is fine—and the effect is masterly.

Shelley's lovely child-wife, Harriet, is quite in the traditional manner. Whether Harriet Westbrook, whose father kept a Mount Coffee House (only a few doors from that other Mount Cof-

fee House where a young man named Sterne wrote so many love letters to Mrs. Draper) was the shallow, commonplace young woman of tradition is problematical. Perhaps she was. But, it serves Maurois' purpose well enough to portray her as such and, in all events, places Shelley's conduct toward her in a pleasanter light than the mere facts might allow. We see her as a rather scheming young person in the bedroom scene before their marriage; as an excessively vain one in her intercourse with Shelley's dear friend Jefferson Hogg; and fickle, weak and degraded before she sought a final refuge from her problems in the waters of the Serpentine.

But Harriet, despite the fact that she was his wife for five years and bore him several children during that time, played but a small part in the woman-filled life of Shelley. There were never less than two living under the same roof with him—and quite frequently, the number was higher. Lovely, ardent young faces gathered around him always; and he was ever ready to "illuminate" them, for the future heir to Sir. Bysshe Shelley of Castle Goring could never bear to see so much loveliness abandoned to "prejudices". His sisters and his beautiful cousin Harriet, were his earliest adulants; followed quickly enough by the charming young things at Miss Fenning's Academy For Young Ladies on Clapham Common where Helen Shelley was a student; then, there was Miss Elizabeth Hitchenor, who taught school and was twice as old as he; Eliza Westbrook, who spent most of her time brushing her hair, the whole bevy of lovely Godwins, Clairmonts and Imlays, Mrs. Newton, Madame de Boinville and her pensive daughter, Cornelia, Emilia, who reminded him so much of Andromeda, and Jane Williams who played the guitar divinely and whom he startled once by proposing that they "together solve the great mystery" . . . Some of them married him, some committted suicide for him and Jane Clairmont, at least, had a romantic adventure with George Gordon, Lord Byron, because of him; but they all loved him with all their young hearts. And after his death, they quarrelled tediously among themselves as to which he had loved, though in truth, he had loved none of them, but always his own beautiful, impossible ideal. Mary Godwin, his second wife, approached nearest of any to this ideal; and a few years after he had sailed his last boat (this time not paper, but hardly the less frail) on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, she declined Captain Trelawney's proposal of marriage, saying that Mary Shelley was such a pretty name, she wanted it on her tombstone . . .

The translation made by Ella D'Arcy is notable in one respect; it could scarcely be worse. The supple, idiomatic French of the original is turned in countless instances into the most inept slang and crude, unfelicitous phrasing. Such crass examples as a "a mealy-mouthed city like Oxford", "jumping-off place", "egged on" and "Harriet did not have a patch on her", jarr on one with a sensitive feeling for fine phrasing at every turn and one can only hope that someone with a lighter, defter touch and a more old-fashioned regard for *le mot juste,* will give us another translation of a book that is otherwise

wholly delightful. Perhaps, however, now that the *first* translation has been made, the next translater will be willing to give a little more time to the task. It is not a bad idea.

HELEN MELTON

SUNRISE TRUMPETS

(*Sunrise Trumpets, by Joseph Auslander. New York. Harper & Bros.*, 1924)

TO be able to record within the pages of a book all the mystical things that incessantly beseech the poet for existence, is certainly a task that will try the interpretative powers of any writer of verse. It is indeed a colossal undertaking especially since its success is largely dependent upon the selection of both theme and form. Joseph Auslander, in his book, "Sunrise Trumpets, "has taken upon himself this task, and has given back to the poetry-loving public a work that is lovely and at the same time in thorough conformity with the accepted poetic tendencies.

An execution of deftness in handling airy thought prevails throughout the book. His imagery, while being of the most far reaching sort, is definitely brought down to lower strata so that its condescension all the more forcibly makes known the heights toward which it has soared. Unclouded vision actuated by a sensitiveness that is matured only by experience can penetrate this nebulous realm. And Joseph Auslander takes one with him, first to see with his eyes, and then to understand with his own facility of understanding.

Take as an example the poem, "Sunrise Trumpets," from which his volume takes its name:

> Dim wind pillared the hills: stiller than mist it seemed;
> Somewhere water challenged silence, somewhere water failed;
> Spiders brooded thick in silence and the willows dreamed...
> Then the wind crumpled richly; night paled.
>
> Black-eyed starlight dimmed; a voice blushed timidly;
> Somber crimson crouched in shadow, rifts of hazel fire:
> Dawn a drowsy eagle, and the brief audacity
> Of thrushes fluting through the dew—one choir!
>
> O the lift the liquid blindness of their throats!
> O the high white music and the blue plumes of the wind!
> Up! the crested moment points a sword! the flashing notes
> Of sunrise-trumpets! Up! Dawn is javelined!

Then you encounter such lines that so clearly coerce a thought, that you become aware of a majesty of feeling that unmistakably reveals an intensity of emotion that is indeed spontaneous exuberance:

> "....You are terribly beautiful! You are Lazarus, after the cover
> Had lifted, staring at Christ!....He had come far!....

Further on in the book a series of little poems follow one another; each revealing in itself a finished thought, and vividly portraying a sweetness of measure that is not conducive to either inconsistency or unconscious disregard for form. When sentiment is called upon to play a part in the theme, there is no maudlin tendency in it, merely an exquisite delinea-

tion of profound emotion. I quote one of these smaller poems called, "A Sandal String."

"No more than this, a sandal string.
Some little child of Egypt wore
The sandal, and has left—a string....
No more.

Yet fingers tied it when it tore
With too much dizzy frolicking
Of warm brown feet across the floor.

And when death came in like a king
Silently through the bolted door
Some mother kept a sandal string....
No more.

It is controversial whether or not a book of poetry should leave the reader with a positive feeling. To those who insist on obtaining something from an hour spent reading contemporary verse, let me say that "Sunrise Trumpets" will more than furnish this. When you read Mr. Auslander's "Sea Desire,"

"....Let me face the tidelight now,
Its glint and shiver;
The dark green smell at the bow
Of any ship
On any river—
There let my soul slip
Out of me
And be!"

you will not condemn the peculiar technique, because there is here a loveliness that is not in the least interfered with; rather it invites re-reading. In a poem entitled "Downpour," there is a conflict between the supremacy of its metaphors, and the blending of its pictures.

"....The reef whitens its chain of rock
Under the downpour's hammering;
Clouds encounter, and the shock
Sets them stammering.

Shattered silver the rain is falling
Over the drowned moon in the sea;
The muffled horns of the rain are calling
Incessantly."

Yes, if you have a quiet hour and wish to have its entirety unbroken, this book of poems will do it; it will not exactly create a peace, but it will undoubtedly sustain a peaceful mood.

THOMAS B. BARRY

JENNIFER LORN

(*Jenifer Lorn, by Elinor Wylie. Geo. H. Doran, 1923*)

THE subtitle of Elinor Wylie's "Jennifer Lorn" (Geo. H. Doran 1923) inscribed as a Sedate Extravaganza is, perhaps, the most illuminating and significant commentary applicable to a book that is singularly averse to contemporary classification.

Here there is no exploitation of marital or sexual irregularities, nor of the revolt of a sensitive, esthetic Psyche against a crass and philistinical environment; neither is it concerned with the complacent histrionics of the jejune Babbitry.

The background of Miss Wylie's tale is the England of Warren Hastings and Horace Walpole; it was essentially a period distinguished for its social posturings, literary affectations and magnificent insouciance.

Gerald Poynard (significant name) has achieved fame and distinction as an associate of Warren Hasting's company in India. He is handsome, imperious, astute diplomat and a esthete of unimpeachable taste, though to be sure accused of being unconscionably venal and mercenary. He is home on a leave of absence where he encounters Jennifer Lorn, the most beautiful girl in Devon-

shire, reclining against a sun-dial. She was at this time exactly seventeen, of an indolent and fragile insipidity. "Her hair was red gold, looped and curled in innumerable ringlets; unpowdered and unbound its brightness was amazing. Her eyes were dark grey or hazel, contrasting strangely with a skin of singular fairness; her features were formed in lines of the most wistful and appealing beauty, delicate and clear." She was precisely what he had been searching for since his return to England. After a breathless and impetuous proposal they repair to Paris.

Poor Jennifer, provincial bred and nurtured by the good nuns of the Parthemont was, alas, quite incapable of understanding so distinguished and recherché a magnificence as Gerald.

In the enchanted conservatory of the British Ambassador, she meets a mercurial Orpheus, but she is adamant to his impassioned rhapsodies; their parting is tragic and full of genuine pathos. From Paris Gerald and Jennifer proceed on to Calcutta, where their residence is uneventful enough; however, while making a trip into the interior they are attacked by Turcoman outlaws: Jennifer is miraculously saved and Gerald heroically defending his wife receives twenty spears into his person before he is vanquished.

She is convalescent at the court of Shiraz, where dwells the disinherited Persian prince, Mirza Abbas, the ascetic artist, who construes her unexpected visitation as a divine symbol.

She is to him the incarnation of the Byzantine image of the Virgin. She laments the death of her dear husband who "was a superior horseman, his knowledge of history was amazing, and his fund of anecdote inexhaustible; as a traveling companion, and indeed, in every other relation of life he was the most superior person whom it has ever been my pleasure to know."

They unexpectedly encounter Gerald, unknown to him, who thanks to inept marksmanship was indeed sentient. In virtuous and righteous indignation she unmercifully berates and abandons her adoring prince. The following morning she is discovered in her room dead, foully and wantonly murdered. The prince, the assassin, commits voluntary death on the hillock where Jennifer is interred. Gerald strolling through the cypress grove disengages the image from Mirza's unprotesting hand." I believe this to be a Byzantine carving of great antiquity. The face bears a distinct resemblance to my late dear wife; this alone would render it valuable to me, but it is quite apart from this consideration an exquisite work of art. I am fortunate to have procured it at the cost of so little expense or pain."

It is the work of a sensitive and self-conscious artist, with apparent traces of over sophistication and perhaps, a proclivity to be inordinately fastidious. The story rises to no grandiose denouement, but moves with a rare and mellifluous felicity. Miss Wylie's prose is notable for its luminous and prismatic pervasiveness; her descriptions of architecture, interiors, habiliment, design, light and shade, are cogent and enthralling. The characterization throughout is deft and admirable. It is a book of golden nuances, or ironic implications.

It has provided this reviewer with a profound and plenary satisfaction. To discriminating and intelligent readers he recommends this book without reservation.

PAUL V. HARRIS

AN OUTLAND PIPER

(An Outland Piper, by Donald Davidson. Houghton, Mifflin, 1924)

OF the two distinct groups which have developed since the renaissance of verse began in the South a few years ago, The Fugitive group at Nashville seems to me to be the most interesting. I am tempted to say there has not been so meritorious a school of poets in America since the days of the New England domination. They are perhaps closer to the genuine art of poetry—the beautiful music of speech—than any coterie in our literary history. The fugitives have fled from the obvious American scene and taken refuge in a melodious metaphysics, tinged with rather amateurish psychoanalysis. The South Carolina group—members of which have produced some excellent things—clings to local color, attempting to aureole the lowlands and highlands. The Nashville poets' activity has been much more stimulating and interesting than the work done at Charleston. The fugitive company includes more poets of genuine talent (a surprising number), and their theories of poetic composition are both sounder and subtler. The Nashville school has its weaknesses: the poets have been addled a little by Freudian theories and they have been too much bemused by the sophisticated irony of Mr. T. S. Eliot. They are too interested in being brilliant, and strain for subtle or shocking intellectual effects. But they are saved by a genuine passion for the art of literature—diction and imagery—and the fine art of poetry, which is one of the rhythms in the dance of life.

Fine things have been done at Nashville in the last three years, and finer things are to come.

Donald Davidson's first book, "An Outland Piper", contains a little beautiful verse. It unfortunately contains a great deal which is undistinguished, and some which seems positively bad. Mr. Davidson would have done well to print a book about half the size of the present one, or wait a year or two. The general effect of the volume does not do justice to the author, who is one of the best—at his peak, probably the very best—of the Nashville poets.

Donald Davidson has written some remarkable poetry— distinguished in conception, admirable and surprising in diction, and beautiful in rhythm and tone. At its worst, his work becomes strained in conception, diction and rhythm, and at times Mr. Davidson seems to have been so engrossed by conception or diction that he has actually neglected his rhythms. A few apparently youthful poems which are really mediocre in conception, diction and rhythm are included in the book.

Mr. Davidson, at his very best, is known to readers of The Double Dealer, who will remember "Corymba," "Dryad" and "Naiad". These are among the half-dozen or more excellent pieces in the volume—work so excellent that it gives "An Outland Piper" high importance in the year's output of books. Such poetry is not written by many men. Its

author is one of a select few in the United States, and it is to be hoped he will produce more of as high quality as the best in this first book. Passages in these poems seem to me to be among the finest in American verse.

Where Mr. Davidson learned his tricks makes little difference: whether he derives in part from T. S. Eliot, Edwin Arlington Robinson, or James Branch Cabell (a good poet). It seemed to me in some of the unsuccessful work in "An Outland Piper" I recognized echoes from Kipling and De la Mare. Any undertones or overtones of reminiscense merely indicate that Mr. Davidson, like all good poets, was eclectic in his development.

He knows how to mould language:

"The choric beauty of the stars
Enmeshed her wasting soul by night:
Her heart went hungering on the winds,
The city's straitened acolyte. . . .

"She heard an oaten pipe, a shout
Of old delirious satyrs' laughter:
The slim youth came beckoning;
Her prancing senses drew her after."

"We are the children spun and blown of an
old pleasure,
And the feet return where the dancing feet
began."

"Corymba has bound no snood
Upon her yellow hair.
But better so, no doubt,
For the pale youths look elsewhere
At sleek curves and proud glitter
And flesh powdered and bare. . . .

"Who shall say in mockery,
'Cheeks were too hotly flushed'!
Or, 'That knee still touched too closely
After the drum was hushed'?
Over her eyes certain
And trance-like beauty has brushed."

* * * *

"I heard, and was agape to see
How like that piper was to me,
His brow, his gesture, even his dress
Perfections of my awkwardness."

JOHN MCCLURE

A COSMIC COMEDY

(Saint Joan, by Bernard Shaw. Brentano's New York City, 1924)

ONE has come to have a depressing presentiment every time one picks up a Shaw review (and somebody is always writing one) that one is going again to see that frayed, that dog-eared commonplace about his preface being so very much better than his play. And one always does; because being a commonplace, it is true. It is a Puckish trick of Mr. Shaw to launch his play, pleasant or unpleasant, on to the critics, hear what they have to say about it (and those solemn and voluble gentlemen always say so much), then devastate them with a dazzling retort courteous in the form of a mighty preface to the published edition.

In the case of "Saint Joan", the drama gentlemen had outdone even themselves. They had delivered, *via* Romeike, bales of good advice at the door of Mr. Shaw, most of which bravely ignored the fact that he had himself written criticism as well as plays and might conceivably know almost as much about the theater as some of the people who had done very little of the first and none at all of the second. However, it was all very satisfactory to Mr. Shaw, as it gave him an opportunity to write a preface that will be remembered and read as an integral part of the Joan legend, long after his critics and probably his play are forgotten.

The preface is pure Shawese. In it, he is unmistakably the moralist, Fabianite, vegetarian, playwright, critic, Wagnerite, Ibsenite, jester to the cosmos and the most serious man on the

planet that James Huneker calleld him back in the late nineties when he was emerging from the Saturday Review and being engulfed in those peculiarly fine-print volumes in which his publishers have so consistently kept him.

There remains the play; a chronicle play, he terms it, wherein he, wise, sophisticated and cynical, chooses a mystic from the Middle Ages for his latest heroine. But it is not so paradoxical as it seems. Reality, one remembers, has never bothered Mr. Shaw. His characters have always had their being on lighter, more fantastic shores than ours—some high plateau, remote and chilly, where denizens of heaven and hell meet and talk interminably, or perhaps some glorified Roman arena where haughty emperors and no less haughty lions play at hide-and-go-seek. With this in mind, none need be surprised that such ancillary matters as Joan's voices give him little concern. There are, quoth Mr. Shaw in his own, his inimitable manner, people in the world whose imagination is so vivid that when they have an idea it comes to them as an audible voice, sometimes uttered by a visible figure. And that is all there is to Joan and those voices that have played such queer tricks with her reputation these five hundred years. "If Newton's imagination had been of the same vividly dramatic kind," continues Mr. Shaw ingratiatingly, "he might have seen the ghost of Pythagoras walk into the orchard and explain why the apples were falling. Such an illusion would have invalidated neither the theory of gravitation nor Newton's general sanity. What is more, the visionary method of making the discovery would not be a whit more miraculous than the normal method. The test of sanity is not the normality of the method, but the reasonableness of the discovery. If Newton had been informed by Pythagoras that the moon was made of green cheese, then Newton would have been locked up."

Thus simply does Mr. Shaw attempt to dispose of those troublesome voices. But perhaps he doth protest too much. Whatever may have been the real Joan's idea about them (and for five centuries, the mystery has been sealed in silence) few will believe that Mr. Shaw's Joan took very much stock in them. A vague but persistent impression remains that they were merely Joan's method of impressing the importance of her ideas on her contemporaries. Mr. Shaw could understand this; he has so often done the same thing with his own. And the change in time has brought only this change in manners that while Joan attributed her ideas to the saints, Mr. Shaw attributed his to the Continentals (preferably untranslated ones). Despite this, or perhaps because of it, he has, with his lingering cerebral *femme* complex, made Joan a thoroughly understandable and human figure. Clever beyond her age and time, she was yet crushed between the upper and nether stones of two vast and opposing forces, the old order and the new, of which she herself exemplified the new. Her death is not the climax of the play, but an incident; and is a tragedy merely from a personal, a hedonistic point of view. Before one is "not only the visible and human puppets but the Church, the Inquisition, the Feudal System, with divine inspiration always beating against

their too inelastic limits; all more terrible in their dramatic force than any of the little mortal figures clanking about in plate armor or moving silently in the frocks and hoods of the order of St. Dominic." With *finis* written when the curtain slowly descends on the IVth act, it would be tragedy; when the epilog is added (and the epilogue is not really an epilogue, but an integral part of the play, bound inextricably to it by the fact that of the forces that crushed her, Joan herself was the second) it is comedy, sardonic and cosmic, but comedy. There gathering one by one on the stage is the Dauphin, "Charles the Victorious", looking at the pictures in Fouquet's Boccaccio, Joan, Peter Cauchon, Warwick, Ladvenu, the Inquisitor and the rest; and everything has changed and nothing, really, has changed at all :

> Tweedledee to Tweedledum:—
> "Plus ca change Plus c'est la meme chose." (Tal.)

It is quite true that Mr. Shaw's interpretation of Joan is different from the rationalistic one of M. France's two thick volumes, the amazing "Jungfrau" of Schiller, the ludicrous "Pucelle" of Voltaire, and, I imagine (though I have read neither) and Joans of Mark Twain and Mr. Andrew Lang. But it was inevitable that it should be. Mr. Shaw has an opinion (and he rarely fails, soon or late, to express it) about everything; and it is always exactly opposed to the opinion in current and respectable usage among his fellowmen. As someone said years ago, with him, whatever is is wrong. The established idea inverted is the true idea. Nowhere is there better proof of this than in his brilliant defense of Peter Cauchon,—in what is indubitably one of the finest and most lucid disquisitions on the ethics of politics in the English language. For since that warm spring day in the middle of the restless, changing fifteenth century when Joan was rehabilitated after a fashion and indeed, until that other warm spring day in 1920 when the first Protestant was made the latest Catholic Saint, the forces of tradition have been busy piling calumny after calumny on Peter Cauchon and the court that tried and burnt her for heresy, witchcraft and sorcery in 1431. It was not possible for Mr. Shaw, being Mr. Shaw, to do anything else save take their part. And if in his defense, he wanders from a play to a pamphlet, it is no more than he has done often enough before.

HELEN MELTON

THE ENCHANTED MESA

(The Enchanted Mesa and Other Poems, by Glenn Ward Dresbach. Henry Holt & Co., 1924)

THERE is a lot of bad or indifferent verse is this collection. Mr. Dresbach has the universal failing of writing too much and the contemporary failing of printing too much. By stressing the bad and ignoring the good, it would be possible to write a very damning review of "The Enchanted Mesa." However, the good is all that matters, and it is only reviewers who are likely to be heard complaining that the nameless authors of the Greek Anthology probably composed a quantity of execrable verse, and that some of the Scottish ballads are awful.

Mr. Dresbach is not a great poet, but he has written some short poems (several of which are in this volume) which are a genuine lyrical expression, characterized by a poignant wistfulness, a piercing personal sincerity and a bald rhythmic vitality like that of old songs. In this class of work Mr. Dresbach is a really good poet. In his sonnets he is, though not consistently, a pretty good poet. But his narratives, his contemplative and elegiac poems, his descriptions and his average lyrics (too many of which seem to stem from an intellectual conception simply rather than from a poetic urge) are, though sometimes fairly good, usually indifferent and often actually bad. He is not it seems to me, an instinctive craftsman in any form except the spontaneous lyric. His diction and his rhythms in any other form seem either studied and forced, or habitual. His forte is the song, and like all poets who write songs he pays the penalty of producing a dozen unsuccessful expressions for the sake of the occasional fine one. This is no disgrace. All lyrical poets—even Burns and Heine—have produced a quantity of rot.

Some of the charming lyrics in "The Enchanted Mesa" appeared originally in The Double Dealer, as did "Mardi Gras Night— Panama" and "To a Road Runner" among the sonnets. Also this magazine printed some of these verses which are not so good.

In the volume the best work seems to me to be "Wild Geese Over the Desert," "A Cock Crows Near the Desert," "Who Dreams and Feels Too Soon," "A Rainbow Over the Desert," "Spider, this web you have spun," "Not to a Temple Dancer," "Calm Near the Desert," "To a Road Runner," "Mardi Gras Night—Panama," and two or three other poems. All the narratives seem ineffectual. "The Enchanted Mesa," the opening poem, has intellectual merit, but seems to me to fail as poetry except for a few passages, compared with the briefer lyrics. There is intellectual merit in a number of the other poems which I would class as indifferent or bad.

The following lines, already familiar to old subscribers to the Double Dealer are typical of Mr. Dresbach's lyrical expression:

A Rainbow Over the Desert

Distant—as rains that fell
Upon less wistful lands—
Has grown an arch for beauty
Above these thirsting sands.

For it no buds may swell
And no new leaf may stir,
Only—it gives a splendor
Above things as they were.

Only—my heart can tell
Of change that I can trace
In lights upon the desert's
Deep-lined and weary face!

Wild Geese Over the Desert

From sunset, slowly fading
To misted beryl and blue
Streaked with the melted topaz,
The goose-wedge comes in view.

The boughs of twisted cedars
On ledges darkly sway,
Making a futile gesture
To rise and fly away.

Nothing will have begining
And nothing end in me,
For watching the geese fly over,
That any one may see.

Only my heart makes gesture,
Of lifting wings to go,
Like boughs of the twisted cedars
Dark on a fading glow.

These and the other poems I have referred to above, as well as intellectual passages and poetic high-lights scattered through the rest of the book, make "The Enchanted Mesa," despite the bad or indifferent verse it also contains, worth anybody's money.

JOHN MCCLURE

Prothesis for Marriage

By ALLEN TATE

I bring to you my certainty of dust
Palled in the polite eyes of my serious head;
The unutterable masque of me, who am dead,
Bears much of living as lingers in rust—
A singing verdigris of the tight crust
Of me. It is a weariness you wed,
An impaired languor for a staggering bed:
The crazy pinnates of an autumn lust.

And is it, so, a wonder of the flesh
That flesh to a victorious outer time
Frivolity renders our clutched heritage?
No wonder here: my love is a swift mesh
Gathering you to my dark—its pious rage
Is death in an ecstatic pantomime.

To a Suitor

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

What do you like? my throat? my eyes?
Do you want the umbrella of my replies
To death-shown-clear; to gloom and fear?
Do you thirst for the laughter in my tone?
And what if fear does come too near,
Have you no umbrella of your own?

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